PERSONALITIES.

MR. BALFOUR "ON THE WANE"-MR. CHAM-BERLAIN AGAIN-MR. SALA AND MR. HARRY FURNISS.

London, April 30.

The first politician on the wane was Mr. Chamberlain. The second is-whom will you name? I give you, as Mme. de Sevigne would say, ten Not perhaps in ten times ten would it occur to you that it is Mr. Balfour whom Mr. Wemyss Reid thus describes. He is himself aware, and he admits, that his dictum will seem ridiculous to his readers. He perhaps is not aware that the reason he alleges for it is more ridiculous Mr. Balfour, it seems, was doing very well until he entered upon a contest with Mr. William O'Brien on the subject of Mr. William O'Brien's The breeches beat him, or, as Mr. Wemyss Reid oddly puts it, the homely garment became a weapon fatal to Mr. Balfour. Into what kind of a weapon can a pair of breeches be con-The sentence suggests an Irish author. Whatever it be, "from the day when Mr. O'Brien was allowed to wear his own clothes in prison, the Irish members had passed the sharpest corner in their long struggle with the Coercionist Ministry, and Mr. Balfour was a beaten man!"

The journal in which this nonsense appears is not avowedly a comic paper. It is only a partisan paper. Its study of Mr. Balfour is merely a piece of invective, and of poor invective, against the Coercion Act; written by somebody who is very angry. Mr. Wemyss Reid is the editor of the journal in question; not perhaps the actual writer of the article. It is conceivable, as I said, that the writer is an Irishman; trained perhaps in the school of Mr. O'Brien himself. He attacks Mr. Balfour no more bitterly than Mr. O'Brien attacked Earl Spencer or Sir George Trevelyan; and the attack, though as bitter, is less vulgar and brutal than that which Mr. O'Brien's paper for years directed against his present allies. The method is in each case the same. Say of your opponent what you would like to believe, and like others to believe, to be true; accuse him of offences you think him capable of committing; and reduce him to that level of public hatred and contempt which you think his proper place. You may persuade those who wish to be persuaded has really sunk to this level; or that he is really " on the wane," in the phrase of the hour. This is not very scrupulous journalism, but it serves a purpose.

The other "Politician on the Wane"-No. 1 of the series, Mr. Chamberlain-was once more told this week by the London organ of Gladstonism that he is an impossible person. "Neither Mr. Gladstone, nor Mr. Parnell, nor their principal colleagues, nor any of them, can be expected to enter into any further negotiations with Mr. Chamberlain." Why? "Because he has stigmatized the Irish members as little better than murderers: he has accused the Liberal party, which he deserted, of active and intelligent symwith crime; he has referred to pathy Mr. Gladstone in language which Mr. Gladstone's followers resent, though Mr. Gladstone himself What a pity that people who write does not." in this way have short memories and so imperfect a sense of humor! Suppose it were all true. Mr. Chamberlain has never said anything half so horrible about Mr. Gladstone or his colleagues or the Liberal party as Mr. O'Brien and his colleagues have said. Yet it has been found possible for political ends to forgive Mr. O'Brien, to enter into negotiations with him, to espouse his cause, to defend his wildest exploits. The calumnieshe admits them to be calumnies-with which he once bespattered Earl Spencer, for example, are now directed against Mr. Balfour. They are known to have no more foundation now than they had then. But the men who resented and denounced them when Eari Spencer was the victim accept them and echo them when it is Mr. Balfour

The Gladstonian article I have quoted against Mr. Chamberlain appeared on Monday. On Tuesday the impossible further negotiations had already began, and him whom "The Daily News" was ready to burn on Monday it is almost prepared to adore on Tuesday. One reads in a kind greatest age in seeing that the House on the Saupor that Mr. Chamberlain in the House on checks for money are exactly the same as the or checks for money are exactly the same as the official transfer in the finds in that way I never have any and the finds in that way I in the same tone. The explanation is that Mr. | re Chamberlain had made a speech on the Land Purchase Bill of a kind which his critic of yesterday and eulogist of to-day thought might be damaging to the Government. It may be, and it may not, but, whether it be or not, does it not occur to this not very wise journalist that it is bad policy to burn your bridges to-day if you have to rebuild them to-morrow? The interval is very short.

Mr. Harry Furniss's libel on Mr. George Augustus Sala consisted in three separate statements (1) That Mr. Sala offered sketches to the late Mr. Charles Dickens which Mr. Dickens refused; (2) that he sent in drawings as a candidate for the Royal Academy schools, one of which was a foot which had six toes; (3) that he had painted pictures on the walls of an eating-saloon, and so acquired a taste for cookery. All these statements, said Mr. Sala's counsel in court, were untrue, and were calculated to degrade and insult Mr. Sala. To relieve himself from this degradation and insult, he brought an action for libel, and this action was tried last Friday, and resulted in a verdict for Mr. Sala for the sum of \$25. That, in the opinion of a British jury, was an acequate solatium for the degradation and insult which Mr. Sala had suffered at the hands of Mr. Harry

Whether Mr. Sala be of the same opinion as his jury I know not, but I think most journalists with some regard for their profession regret that so miserable a squabble as this should have been fought out in court. No doubt Mr. Furniss's statements were untrue, for Mr. Sala has denied them all on oath. True or false, they could do him no harm; not, in any case, a tenth part of this action. Mr. Furniss was ready enough to make amends for his error. He offered to apologize and to pay Mr. Sala's costs. An apology was drawn up. The friends of both thought it a sufficient apology, but Mr. Sala would none of it and framed another, of an abject kind, with a stipulation that it should be advertised in the papers; such an apology, said one of Mr. Sala's triends, as no man of honorable feeling could sign. So the fight went on, ending with the sign. So the fight went on, ending with this Mr. Furniss had paid \$10 into court. The jury gave \$15 more; but there is no

The slanders, said Mr. Sala, vehemently, are "absolutely false"; adding still more vehemently that they were "absurdly and wickedly false. "What was it that annoyed you so much?" queried Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Furniss's counsel. Because it was a falsehood and implied that I was an ignorant and impudent pretender." pose it did. Was Mr. Sala one whit the worse? Does anybody think him ignorant, or impudent, or a pretender? Was his journalism less eminent or profitable? Nobody will say so. But there are those who will say that not only has Mr. Sala done himself more harm than was done to him by Mr. Furniss, but, perhaps, more still to the proion of which he is a famous member. The public in this country has never quite recognized journalism as a profession in the sense in which the bar or the pulpit is a profession. You still hear of Bohemia, and large is the number of persons who regard Bohemia as the natural necessary home of those who have anything to do with the production of newspapers; unless, perchance, an exception be made in favor of those who own them. It is always respectable to own something, even a newspaper. These numerous sons behold with amusement the spectacle of two journalists quarrelling in public. They care nothing about the merits or demerits of the case. "What can you expect?" they ask. And I don't

quite see what answer Mr. Sala can make to this

scoffing question. Nor does it improve the situation when Mr. Furniss sends an illustrated report of the trial to "The Daily Graphic"; though it may improve "The Daily Graphic." The contribution of the Defendant, as Mr. Furniss delights in describing himself, is not one which will delight Mr. Sala, who, for aught one knows, may think it necessary to bring another libel action. There is a portrait of him, or a caricature, I am not quite sure which, and he may not like it the better because Mr. Furniss caricatures himself also; as if it did not matter who was caricatured, or as if solemn trials in solemn courts of law were not to be

solemnly handled. Others than Mr. Sala have thought Mr. Furniss too free-handed with his jokes. The Royal Academicians have thought so. Them, too, Mr. Furniss has turned into ridicule. The ridicule is sometimes good-humored, and sometimes the victims of it are also good-humored. But it is a dangerous business for an artist to express in Mr. Furniss's pictorial and pungent way his opinion of other artists. The criticism is often keen; the faults of the British School-if, pace Mr. Whistler, one may speak of the British Schoolstand out clearly in black and white; the artist himself is the first to see how skilfully Mr. Furniss has seized the weak points of his work, and he sees that the public see it. Then, the Royal Academy, as we are so often reminded, is a shop; a market-place where the painter of pictures exposes his wares for sale. And what the painter of pictures says, sorrowfully and with anger, too, is that Mr. Furniss spoils his market; or injures it if he does not spoil it. The successful ironmaster who likes to be known as the buyer of the picture of the year will not buy it when once it has been publicly coricatured and laughed at; he no longer thinks the possession of this derided canvas a title to fame. Mr. Furniss carried his joke so far as to offer his lampoons to the National Gallery. The Director of the National Gallery, in whom the sense of humor seems sluggish, considered the offer for weeks ere it occurred to him that it was a joke and that to accept the sketshes would be to address a mortal affront to the sister institution of Burlington House. As for Mr. Furniss, he was bursting with his own pleasantry, and as he unluckily had to speak in public, he let out the joke and his delighted surprise at Sir Francis Burton's not seeing it. this clever caricaturist does in Mr. Punch's columus is in a more merciful spirit. It need not be supposed that Mr. Gladstone's withers are wrang when he sees himself depicted in shirt collars as large as life, or that Sir William Harcourt spends sleepless nights over the elaborate jests upon his physical bulk. The fault of this work is not, as a rule, its obviousness. Mr. Furniss is so elab orate that he becomes a puzzle, and it is not every body who cares to spend half an hour in hunting for the meaning of an illustrated jest. They

IMMIGRANTS SOON " CATCH ON."

HOW THEY QUICKLY PICK UP AMERICAN IDEAS AND METHODS.

would do it in Scotland, perhaps.

Whatever may be said of the evils of immigration it is a fact that many immigrants who come from eign shores to this country to live, pick up the ideas, language and methods of doing business in the United States with great rapidity. An example of this is furnished by the itinerant venders of flowers, even the most devoted followers of the gentle Izaak bananas, dates, suspenders and other articles are especially numerous around the City Hall Park and the entrance to the bridge. They are forbidden by law to occupy one place for any length of time. and the approach of a policeman always means a general moving among the venders, most of whom are Italians and Greeks, who have not been in this coun-

When one of the crowd sees a blue-coated officer hurrying toward him with mischief in his eye, in-stead of warning his comrades in his native tongue to iccamp, he calls out "Cheese 'um." decamp, he calls out "Cheese um." This is as hear as he can get to the expression "Cheese it." which he has picked up from the street Arabs.

People who do husiness with newly arrived immigrants also notice how quickly they begin to become Americanized. This tendency, in fact, causes no little inconvenience to the cashiers of savings banks, which have many immigrants among their depositors. Some of the larger institutions of this kind have many hundreds of depositors, and it is necessary to exercise the greatest care in seeing that the signatures on orders or cheeks for money are exactly the same as the one which is beaution reference.

NAPOLEONS OF FINANCE.

From The Chicago Tribune.

From The Chicago Tribune.

A most appalling sound was heard in the nursery, and the astonished father, with his hair on end, ran to see what was the matter. He opened the door and looked in. Willie was sitting astride his drum, kicking it with both feet. Johnny was twisting the cat's tall and bringing forth howls of dire agony. Tommy was whirling a rattle, Bobby Stapleford, a neighbor's boy, was superintending a fight between two vociferous dogs, Harry Plugmore, another visitor, was jumping up and down on an empty barrel, half a dozen other casual youngsters were pounding tin pans, and all were yelling at the tops of their voices.

what is the meaning of this unearthly racket? — What is the meaning of this unearthly racket? — what is the meaning of this unearthly racket? demanded the father as soon as he could make him-self heard above the din.

"We're playing Chicago Board of Trade," replied Willie. "Fellers, let 'er go once more!"

And pandemonium broke loose again

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The famous Hungarian, Count Zichy, who lived on a princely income in Vienna, was, in his younger days, well known all over Europe for the lets he made and generally won. Once when there was a heavy duty imposed on every head of cattle entering the Austrian Capital he made a bet that he would carry a lamb, duty free, through the gates of Vienna, and that the gate-keeper, who acts as Imperial officer, adjusting and receiving the duty, would be glad to let him pass.

Next morning the Count, disguised in the clothes of a butcher, his butcher-knife in his hand, his shirt-sleever rolled up, and carrying a heavy sack on his shoulder, made his way to one of the fashionable gates of Vienna. But the watchful officer soon espied him.

"What have you in that sack, fellow?"

"A dog: Ing yourself! Down with that sack! I know fellows like you sometimes carry dogs in sacks through the gates and sell them for mutton in town. Down with your sack!"

"But it's nothing but a dog, and a bad dog, too. I will—" From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

1 will-" Never mind what you will. Down with your

"I have just caught that dog again. Would you like to look at him?"

"Get away! Get out, you and your infernal dog!"
And with a crash the window went down, and the smiling butcher entered Vienna.

Eut no dog was that time in the sack, but the fattest lamb that could be found in the suburbs of

A PLEASANT GLIMPSE OF BOOTH.

Fanny Davenport in The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

It was during these days that those actors, who have since become famous, were guests at my father house, first among them Edwin Looth, who was playing an early starring engagement at the Howard Athenaeum, and used to drive out to daily dinner with

ing an carry starting the court to daily dinner with my mother.

I remember one of our punishments, as children, was to be forced to sit at a side table. We did not mind this so much when no one but members of the family were present; but one day—oh, horrors:—Mr. Booth arrived unexpectedly and walked into the dining-room, as was his custom. My sister and I were seated at the side table. Tears of mortification filled our eyes and we were very much embarrassed. When Mr. Booth saw us he came up, patted me upon the shoulder, smiled and said he had often sat at a side table when a bad boy; and, asking for his plate to be brought over by the servant, sat down with us and partook of his dinner. Mother was conquered, and of course Mr. Booth had the best upon the big table. He put us completely at our ease with funny remarks about his own boylood, and so made two shamefaced girls very happy. I think this kind act of his earlier manhood shows Mr. Booth as he has been through his life—a man without affectation, considerate and kind even to the most insignificant.

HIS FASTIDIOUS TASTE OFFENDED. From The Jester.

Customer-Well, Shears, what did you think of the bishop's sermon on Sunday! I saw you in church. Barber-Yes, sir; but to tell the truth, there was a man sat in front of me whose huir wanted cutting so badly that I couldn't hear a word.

WASHINGTON STORIES.

THE DEVOTION OF WOMEN.

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION-MR. ALLEN'S STORY. Washington, May 10,-There have been two man ellous instances lately of the devotion and loyalty of women. The press spoke in tones of deepest praise of the woman who nursed Samuel J. Randall through second case appears nearly equalling the first.

his long illness, and people have hardly ceased telling stories illustrating this wonderful devotion when a of Senator Beck, the bluff Scotchman, nursed her father with the same unselfishness. Mrs. Goodloe had many other cares, but her attention as unwavering as if she had no other thought in the world but her father's comfort. During his con tinued illness a year ago she followed him wherever the doctors urged him to go, and it was owing to her nursing, it is said, that he then became a compar well man. When he came back to the city last fall at the opening of Congress he went to live in his daughter's pretty home in P-st., and there for the last six months he has been watched and petted in a way dear even to the shrewd Sco'chman's Every morning his breakfast was served to him in his room, and after seeing that he had partaken of the simple diet prepared by an old Ken tucky "mammy" who has been in the Beck family since war times, the secretary was admitted to the room to receive the directions about the day's work, Mrs. Goodloe always remaining close at hand to see that he did not overwork. At 11 o'clock, if a dozen calls drew her in another direction, Mrs. Goodloe drove her father to the Capitol, waiting often, if he was not well, until the session was over, when she drove him home. If any one approached her at this time about other matters she always had the one

"If father does not need me at that time, I will try to go." People who knew of her admirable filial traits said the moment they saw the announcement in the down the page for the words that they were sure would be there, "His daughter was with him," and there they found them. Mr. G. odloe is very much the ber father; having his fine, humorous eye and abundant good She enjoys the gaveties of Washington, and ing room; but this winter she has hardly visited the homes of her dearest friends, and when questioned about it always gave the same answer in a serious tone that prevented further inquiry, "My father likes to

"It is a somewhat curious coincidence," said Colonei "Dick" Bright, ex-Sergeant at Arms of the Senate, on day last week, " not only that I should have been with my poor friend, the late Senator Beck, on the same day year before that sad event-upon which he tied but also that I should be able to state what he was doing and what particular incident occurred at the selfsame hour. It happened in this wise," continued the gallant Colonel. "We were up in Maryland enjoying a most charming little fishing excursion. On Friday. the 3d of May, 1889, the senator and myself were to You know his health had been gether all day long. You know his health had been very poor, but he was feeling much better and in excellent spirits. The fishermen and country-folk about the place were all perfectly charmed with him; his simple and unaffected manners seemed particularly to win their hearts; in fact, he seemed to win golden opinions from every one with whom he came in contact, and many said that they would never have sur posed that simple mannered, pleasant spoken gentle man could be a United States Senator.' In truth, the Senator seemed to give himself wholly up to the enjoyment of the passing hour; he was just like a great big, lusty, overgrown boy let loose from school luck as he had that day, moreover—a Friday at that, he it remembered—has surely seldom fallen to the lot of Walton. It seemed only necessary for Senator Beck drop his hook into the water to find a fish at the end of Whether we fished the dam or the river it didn't make the slightest bit of difference; the great Kentuck ian's abnormal luck continued. Some of the fish which fell victims to his piscatorial prowess were fine, large ones, too; but during the afternoon my Scottish friend roke the record and landed a magnificent bass that timed the landing of that splendid trophy of the hook and line, and it was exactly 4 o'clock. Alast I little thought," continued the Colonel, with a sigh, " was congratulating the senator upon his splended achievement, that precisely one year from that very moment he would suddenly plunge into the dark

The presence in the city recently of Color Holloway, of Indianapolis, at one time candidate for the office of Public Printer, recalled to the memory of one of the Indiana delegation a story about the Colonel threes was billed to appear for one night only in the town of which Colonel Holloway was an honored resident, and the interest in its appearance among the members of the community ran high. When the time for the opening of the show came the canvas was for the opening of the show came the canvas has packed. The ringmaster appeared and made his bow, as bet would have to be a usua opening to the the band struck up an inspiriting quickstep for the "I recollect one time a party of us were sitting in "I recollect one time a party of us were sitting in a livery stable, which is the great loading place in Kentucky, when somebody remarked that there would be excitement was at its highest point the canvas the excitement was at its highest point the excitement was a his gorgeous array of yellow and red ran into the There was a silence through the audience dense that you could have heard a peanut drop Looking around the great assemblage the clown cried

"Is Bill Holloway here?

He arose with a white face and answered quickly: "Yes; here I am." For a moment he thought that

some great misfortune must have befallen some of his people. The inquiry had all the awfulness of the cry in the crowded theatre: "Is there a doctor here!" The audience looked sympathetically in the direction of Colonel Holloway. The clown looked that way too. "Have you got Buck Terrell with you!" he said

impressively.

"Then," said the clown, as his hands dropped to his sides, "let the performance proceed." And as a roar of laughter went up from the great assemblage, and Colonel Holloway dropped blusbing

into his seat, the band resumed its lively quickstep and the gayly caparisoned cavalcade came into the

phone wire between the house of Senator Stanford and the office of "The Washington Post" on the evening the Senator returned from California;

"The Post"-is that Senator Stanford! Mr. Stanford's private secretary (with a mental reservation)-Yes. "Can I send a reporter up to interview you on the

silver question, Senator?" I say can I send a reporter to interview you on

the silver question? You'll have to ask your editor." "You don't understand me. I said, Can , send to interview you!" "I don't know what you can do. Ask your editor."

e But I represent the editor. I am the editor. Can you tell me whether I can send a man up to your " You'd better ask your publisher if you don't know.

"I say, if your editor doesn't know what you can do. perhaps your publisher does."

"Hut you don't understand. I want to know if I can send a man to your house." "Perhaps you want to know if you may send a man

the house. Yes, I suppose you may."
"Will you see him?" "That's an entirely different matter. He can learn that by coming up."

After a little more sparring "The Post" sent a man to the Senator's house and got the interview; but the telephone editor has come to the conclusion that even a senator can be too exact in the choice of language

This story of John M. Allen, of Mississippi, about the foreman of the jury in a small town in his State will be appreciated by lawyers: Mr. Allen was waiting for a case to be called in a little country court house and he listened with no especial interest case which was under consideration. At the end of the trial the judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendant. A little later Mr. Allen met the foreman of the jury in one of the hallways of the court-house just coming from consultation "Hello, John," said the foreman; "did you hear

them instructions of the jedge !" Well " said the foreman, "they confused so the boys right smart for a time, but they didn't confuse me."

And then he went into court and handed in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$1,500.

Asbury Park Methodist Episcopal Church is the place where the happy, roaring colored "brer'n" go. It is on the corner of K and Eleventh sts., and for fifty years it has stood firm and strong against all the To be a member of "Asby Pahk" has been the ambition of three generations of good darkies, and no matter what the attractions elsewhere evils of the day. the minister has never had to weep over a scattered flock. Even when "the Baptis' " have their semiannual dipping of the five hundred in the eastern branch of the Potomac, the congregation of Asbury Park has remained intact. They have withstood everything, and not a single erring brother had to be churched for going against the command of the minster to see Peter Jackson, the colored John L., put on Wonderful has been the tie that has bound the "Asby Pahk" contingent, and they have even gone through the trying times of changing minsters without a ripple. But that is all changed now and there is a deep fissure in spite of the fact that 200 were added to the membership at the winter pro-

tracted meeting. It happened in this way: About

three months ago Elder B- announced that there would be a special meeting the following Tuesday.

foh de discussin' ob a deficit dar had been discovered

in de Sunday collections." That was all Elder B-

said, but his manner was such that one good sister asked that there might be a prayer-meeting right there

to ask "de Lawd to fill up dat hole in de collections befoh Tuesday night." Every one was so intent on the subject that they did not notice that Elder S-, who had been newly ap-pointed a collector, prayed with unusual fervor when the minister called upon him at the sister's suggestion and made an especial point of the fact that those that had faith would see wonders performed. The follow ing Tuesday every one connected with "Ashy Pahk" was present and, much to the dismay of some of the brethren, many of their rivals, "de R Street Baptis', ere present, tooking happily expectant,

After a fervent prayer by the pastor, the elder who had proposed the meeting on the previous Sunday arose.

"We had just swung ourseln clar o' debt," he began, and the Baptist brethren looked disappointed. "So we tought, but, bre'n, we mistaken. At dis yere mo when in the spirit of our pride we foun' dat ole building on Eleventh at too small and began to build dis

There was a breathless pause; the visiting brethren

"Bre'n." he continued, "we stand to night, and though ouah good pastah has drawn tousans to hear him dis year, it am a fact dat he hab not received ne cent of quarterage. De Conference sent him her we plan dis year not to gib him any salary but s let him depend on de collections which hab taken up twice a Sunday since he preached to us. Las' Sunday, brer'n, from dis whole congregation dar war only ten cents taken up in de body of dis church and one cent in de crowded galleries. As far as we know, brer'n, as far as we know, and with these nysterious words he took his seat.

The gemman who had been newly appointed col-lector immediately filled in the breach by suggesting prayer and he again urged that they look to "de Lawd" to help them out of their trouble. Following is suggestion a very old member in the front pew began a prayer that grew strong in its intensity and cemed to gather the old worthy's vitality in its energetic sentences. His last words expressed the horror f the situation so strongly that his hearers dumbly

"Las" Sunday hight," said he, "only leben cents n dis whole con'gation, an' de ministah stiff unpaid.), Lawd, dis am suahly no chile's play, doan sen onah Son, O, Lawd, but come down yonah self dis

As he concluded the elder who had first spoken arose, and, fixing his eye on the collector, he said with

had not had a job ob work since he been a collectin' foh Asby Pahk Church, and yet I am tole dat he hab or six months an' it am no wondah one of ouah colectahs can settle midst de mos' luxurious surround-The mystery was explained, but there are a whole

specession of called meetings for Asbury Park Church

THE MAJOR WOULD BET ON ANYTHING.

HIS LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN ASTRONOMY, HOW-

'How do you know?' asked the Major. "Why the newspaper says so, and gives the exact

our and minute when the eclipse will begin.'

- The Major's education was not his strongest point. and he was particularly weak on astronomy, so he began to argue that no newspaper fellow cor what the moon was going to do. His friend tried to explain how the exact time of an eclipse was calculated, but to no purpose, and finally in disgust said:
- 'I'll bet you a thousand to one the newspaper's

ne great misfortune must have befallen some of his sple. The inquiry had all the awfuiness of the cry the crowded theatre: "Is there a doctor here!"
The andience looked sympathetically in the direction Colonel Holloway. The clown looked that way too. "Have you got Buck Terrell with you!" he said pressively.

"I have," said Colonel Holloway in a tremulous

STYLES IN STATIONERY.

From The Boston Traveller.

From The Boston Traveller.

With a view to finding out what are the latest styles and novelties in stationary, a vielt was paint to a well-known West-sit, dealer, who, on learning the errand of his visiter, gladis consented to give him what information he comb on the subject.

"As to styles," he said, "they have been what I call stationary, in other words, there have been no very violent changes, in color the popular shades at ways will be white or cream, with a strong preference for the former. For a time we had quite a run on blues and offices, but these colors are now a drug in the market. Gill edge paper is also a thing of the last and as fo, the ragged edge paper once so popular, why, we never have a call for it now."

"How about monograms!" was asked.

"Oh, they are still quite fashionable, and are now printed in various colored bronzes, but the laiest novelty is that of stamping the address at the top of the paper in red or some other bright color. Fully nine tenths of our best customers now have their paper headed this way. Another pretty idea is to have some emiossed headpiece in bronze, three leaved clover, ferns and pants's are the most popular. Plain white paper will always hold its own, and is never out of style; but of course we rejoice in all the novelties, as they help along the trade."

"Is there any change in visiting cards! And are is there any change in visiting cards? And are

"Is there any change in visiting cards? And are wedding invitations the same as heretofore?"

"Well, in the case of the first named, the gentle men still stick to the small card, because it is more convenient; but the ladies are using one which is almost square and of a large size, only a little difference being noticed between those used by married and unmarried ladies."

In answer to the question as to who were his best customers, the dealer said: "The ladies, by all odds; they are continually on the lookout for the very latest sixies, and are sometimes very fussy, too; but since they leave the money behind them we do not much care if they occasionally spend an hour in trying to make a selection. Of course these are the exceptions. Those who use plain stationery give us the least trouble, for they usually know just what they want beforehand."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY-

From The Lewiston Journal.

From The Lewiston Journal.

The following yarn was recently related to a Maine attorney by Judge E. R. Hoar, of Concord. It indicates that there are cases of mistaken identity: A man was tried for highway robbery at East Cambridge, Mass., some forty vears ago. He had no counsel, belonged to the class of habitual criminals and as the evidence went in you would have said that his case was hopeless. The person robbed identified him with absolute certainty. Other witnesses who had known him long and intimately testiled to seeing him in the neighborhood of the place where the robbery was committed just before it occurred, and others who knew him equally well heard his voice at the time of the outeries and saw him running away from the scene of the crime. As the Government ended the examination of each witness the court asked the prisoner in the dock if he wished to ask the witness any questions. To which he uniformly answered

"Yes, one question," and being told to ask it, it was

"Yes, one question," and being told to ask it, it was each time:

"Are you sure it was me?"

To this each witness replied:

"Certainly; I know it was you."

When the government's case was closed the judge asked the prisoner if he had any evidence to offer or wished to say anything to the jury.

He had seemed to be very calm and unmoved during the trial, making no comment on his failure to disturb the confidence of any adverse witness, and to the judge's question replied:

"I should like to call one witness."

"Call him, then," said the judge.

"Is Captain Robbins in court?" said the prisoner, and there stepped forward the well-known master of the House of Correction with his record book of commitments under his arm.

"Do you know me?" asked the prisoner.

"I should think I did," replied Captain Robbins.

"Will you look in your record and tell the court where I was on the 14th of last December?" (the day of the crime on trial).

Captain Robbins looked in his book. "You were in the House of Correction at South Boston, serving out a year's sentence for lareny."

"That's all," said the prisoner.

The judge said to the jury that the defence, though not especially creditable, seemed to be conclusive if they believed Captain Robbins.

This would have been a good story to tell at the Barron trial, when the Dexter witnesses had testified that they recognized Stain and Cromwell after ten years had elapsed.

FORGOT WHERE HE LIVED.

HE KNOWS WATCHES BETTER THAN FACES.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF A WATCH-HOW THE HEAD OF A WATCH DEPARTMENT SENT A VALENTINE TO HIS SON-TAK-

In a jeweny store not a thousand miles from the City Hall the watch department is in charge of a pleasantfaced, good natured man, whose weight must be close to 200 pounds. Among his other duties is that of winding watches; and this is a duty which has to be attended to on Sundays as well as other days. It is his custom to look after the finer grades of watches, particularly when they are being regulated, with especial care, and he says that a good watch ought to be wound about the same time in each twenty-four

"If you are in the habit of winding your watch about 10 o'clock or 11 o'clock every night," he remarked in conversation the other afternoon, "if you are wise, you will not leave it until 1 or 2 o'clock on the nights now and when you happen to be up so late. Always wind it within the space of one hour in the wenty-four-that is, if your average time is half-past 10, make it a rule to wind it regularly between 10 and 11; but the nearer you keep it to a certain definite time the better. Of course it is impossible for me alin the store on the minute every day. But with the best watches I try hard to be very regular. When I come down here on Sunday forenoons, of course I am wholly undisturbed and I am able to get through with the work in about two hours. On other days I am very likely to be called away by the demands of cus tumers, so that it may be 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon before I am able to complete this part of my day's But it is always the cheaper and less trustworthy watches that I leave to the last.

"Do you know that there is something singular about what I may call the physiognomy of a watch? A good many people will come here that I don't recognize at all, but the moment I look at their watches I recognize them, and in that way I am able to identify their owners. I have not a good memory for faces, but I know watches from the word go, and ugh it may seem singular to you that the inside of a watch should convey a more definite idea to my mind than a human face, it is really not singular at all. I have made a life-long study of watches, and the easiest thing in the world to remember how the inside of one watch varies from that of another. of course anybody could see the difference where they are made by different people or are of different sizes. But I have, in particular, to remember how the regulators stand. If a customer has his watch regulated and then comes here a few weeks or a few months afterward to have it touched up again, unless mulit foh himself a new house an' furnished it wid months afterward to have it touched up again, unless articles dat no man outen a job foh six months can I remember just how far I moved the regulator the Only leben cents in de church freasury, brer'n, last time I might easily botch the whole lob. So there are many ways in which I differentiate one peron's watch from another, though I couldn't point them out in detail any more than a mother of twins | Philippe. Her father was attached to the mission that look just alike to the casual observer can tell procisely why she has never any difficulty in telling

Let me tell you another thing. I have an excellent idea of locality, and if I had once been in a place I believe that I should recognize it again if I were uddenly dropped down into it blindfolded, and then saw. had my eyes uncovered. Now, you may find it hard with her. to believe, but it is an actual fact that I do not know the number of my own house. It happens to be the third in the row, and in that way I never have any "Talking about betting men," said an owner of difficulty in finding it. How would it be, you ask, acchorses uptown the other evening, leaning back of it were the seventeenth in a long row of houses to show that he wished to represent all of I last St. Valentine's Day I wanted to send a valentine to one of my boys and—would you believe it!—I actually had to so to the book here in the store in which the addresses of all the employes are kept, in order to find out where I lived. I am afraid if I were called as a witness in court, and was not able to tell my street number, the judge and the jury would not have much confidence in my testimony; and I not have much confidence in my testimony; and I shouldn't blame them either. But what I have told

shouldn't blame them either. But what I have told you is an actual fact.

"speaking of regulating watches once more, there is a recent simple device which makes it much easier for the watchmaker than it used to be. It is merely a circular piece of paper made larger or smaller so as just to it the inside of watch cases of different sizes. It is divided into columns for dates and other entries, so as to show the condition of the watch at the time the entry is made. An o indicates that the watch has been regulated; a star shows that it had run down and had been set going again. An L indicates "light," and that no change is needed. A pits sign shows that the watch runs too met, and a minus sign that if goes iou slow, and the number of seconds entered in the next solumn show the rate of loss or gain per day. A character like a V turned lapside down indicates "set." This watch case record, as it is called it a great convenience to us and it causes he

WASSAGE TREATMENT OF THE FACE.

From The Boston Traveller. A well known young lady, who always takes a prominent position in all social events, read in "The traveller" recently of the famous Patti being "made over" by, the arristic work of a sixth ave. specialist over by the artistic work of a Sixth ave, specialise in the missage treatment business, who confined her work mainly to the diva's face. The latter's complexion is said to have been much improved by the treatment, and the Roston young lady decided at once to tell all her female acquaintances of the discovery, and thus look for a great improvement in their countenances without the use of the usual harmful cosmetics.

Her announcement met with instant favor among

armful cosmelies.

Her announcement mer with instant favor among the girls, and they decided to visit a well-known massageure," who occupies an elegant suite of rooms

the girls, and they decided to visit a well-known by massageure," Who occupies an elegant suite of rooms on Tremonts!

The "massageure" in question was somewhat surprised at the object of the girls' visit, but at once saw a chance to increase the number of her patients by alop ing the new method, and soon was perfectly familiar with the scheme reported by the girls lectore they left each had received the test part of the treatment, which was similar to the general massage work, consisting of pluching all parts of the face, the fingers of the operator being moisticied with a cooling and sweet-smelling lotion. This was followed by a thorough rubbing of all parts of the face, and for at least five minutes after the operator had inished her treatment the face of the patient resembled the sides of a thoroughly boiled lobster. Gradually, however, the face assumed its natural color. The advocaces of the face treatment declare positively that after four or five visits to the "massageure" the complexion takes on a decidedly handsome hue, one which it is almost impossible to produce in any other way. After a patient has been through the treatment, and her complexion appears as much improved as could be desired, it is only necessary for her to visit the "massageure" once or twice a month, to keep her complexion "fully up to the standard of excellence."

here competation that year to the standard of excellence."

The effect of the face massage treatment tends to
keep the blood well to the surface of the cheeks, and
to make it visible through a thin coating of paint of
powder. Thus the new fad is less injurious to the
system than the many unnatural methods so, long
adopted by fashionable women, and for that reason may
receive the approbation of many persons opposed to
enforcing nature to add to beauty.

"The Traveller" man also called upon a well-known
Tremontst, massage specialist, for the purpose of ad-

"The Traveller" man also called upon a well-known Tremont-st. massage specialist, for the purpose of adding to his stock of information of the new complexion improver. The lady visited said that she had dee, and there seemed to be no doubt about the practical and working of the new remedy. "It makes business quite lively most of the time," the "massarcure" said, was was was was the man and powder. We hope that it will become general, and the number of new patients we are receiving seems to indicate that it will be."

Inquiry at several stores where the sale of "paint and powder for the beautifying of the complexion" it nearly at several stores where the sale of "paint and powder for the beautifying of the complexion" it reatment had already resulted in a marked lessening of the demand for the paint and powder remedies.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

M. CARNOT, IN CORSICA-ENGLISH ROYAL TIES-ISABELLE. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIPETE

Paris, April 36.
The interchange of courtesies between the French

and Italian Governments at Toulon were in some degree a matter-of-course. It is international etiquette when a sovereign comes to the frontier for the authorities on the other side to pay him state visit. Marshal MacMahon in 1874 sent the general in command at Nancy to call on the German Emperor when he was visiting Metz in that year. This act of courtesy has not since been repeated on the occasion of any imperial visit to Metz or Strasburg. But the French Government has been punctilious in paying honor to the Regent of Spain in her many sojourns in the Basque country. Toulon is not on the Italian But Corsica almost touches Sardinia, border. and the Alpes Maritimes, where on his return from the former island M. Carnot was to land, is a frontier Department. What might not have been done without discourtesy was to send an Italian squadron to Toulon to escort the President to Ajaccio. Its commander, Admiral Lovera, was charged to hand him an autograph letter from King Humbert, and was received in state by M. Carnot at the Maritime Prefecture. naval envoy was asked, with his staff and the officers of his squadron, to lunch there, and the Italian squadron witnessed the sights and scenes which the port presented, including the experiments of the fish, or underwater, boat, "La Gymnote," which dived to a depth of twenty-two yards, cut many wires communicating with torpedoes, ran right under different vessels, and acted so like a fish that M. Jules Verne should have been the proudest man in Europe on reading of its evolutions. The inventor of the "Gymnote" took his idea from one of that author's fairy tales of science.

Corsica is one of the most uncivilized spots in Europe. It was so long given up to faction tights and exposed to the raids of Tripoli, Algerian and Turkish pirates that it sought for safety in remaining poor. What was the use of developing wealth for the Genoese to seize upon it in the form of taxes, and the sea-rovers as prey? France has greatly neglected the island since it entered into the French system in the reign of Louis XV. Napoleon did not like it. Corsica reminded him of his native littleness, which was disagreeable when he was trying to naturalize the etiquette of the German courts at the Tuileries and playing the part of a Caesar. He was, also, too busy with war and in keeping Paris well in hand to trouble his head about his native isle, which, if half-savage, is a lovely wild. When Napoleon disappeared, Corsica was in bad odor in France, because it was his birthplace. The Second Emperor gave administrative posts galore to Corsicans. They were ambassadors, prefects of police, prefects, secretaries of His Imperial Majesty, high in the army, and the most numerous class in the secret or political police. But the island remained out of sight, because out of mind. However, the natal home of Napoleon was arranged according to the recollections of the oldest people and the furniture, bought for it by Charles Bonaparte and Madame Fesch, his mother-in-law, gathered together and placed in it. In short, a museum of family relics was created. The Empress Eugenie owns the house and has given the care of it to the widow of the second Lucien Bonaparte. She is a sprightly old lady and knew Napoleon's mother and some of his brothers and sisters. But the great authority on Napoleonic tradition was the widow of General Sebastiani, who died, age ninety, the day on which M. Carnot landed at Ajaccio. She was a Corsican, and had seen the Napoleons in the triumph of the First and Second Empires, and the courts of the restored Bourbons and of Louis to Constantinople of his brother general (afterward marshall, Sebastiani, in 1809, when Bonaparte first thought of invading Russia, and she was taken to the city of the Sultan. It appears that she had great fluency and descriptive powers, but had never the patience to write about what she Her early impressions, therefore, have died

The Bonapartist Deputy of Corsica may have laid a trap for M. Carnot in asking him to visit

canneed France, and was conquered by the glasses of his system.

The Prince of Wales spends a week here on his way from Cannes to London. His sister, the Marchioness of Lorne, and her husband were in Paris at the same time. It was remarked how little they saw of each other. They visited the same picture exhibitions, but at different hours, the Prince and Princess went to the same theatres, but on different evenings, and they did not receive the same visitors or call at the same houses. The Princess and her husband put up at a family hotel as Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and received their letters and cards at the British Embassy, where, on account of the death of Lady Lytten's mother, they were not entertained. They saw the Pope at Rome and the Queen at an les-Bains, with which place and its people fler Majesty is delighted. The venerable suverign is not generous, but she was moved to send \$200 to the charity bureau, and she wrote with her own hand a letter to the Mayor, thanked furbably each of the hotel servants for the attentive kindness they showed toward her, and sent photographs signed "Victoria" to a number of ladies, to the prefect, subprefect, to General O'Neill, the councillor of prefecture, to the young girls who presented flowers to her and the Princess, and gave a pin with brilliants to the bandmaster of the regiment sent to act as a guard of honor. sent to act as a guard of honor.

Isabelle whilem flower girl to the Jockey Club, is in bankruptey and her flower shop for sale under an execution. She was a personage under the Empire, tobody knew why. She wore her fancy Empire, tobody knew why. She wore her fancy costume with a bold grace, and stood at the door of the Jockey Club, or at the foot of its tribure at the Longchamps stand house. When she handed a bonquet to a winning member, he was expected to pay her in gold, and nearly always did. Her discretion kept her from ever offering her wars to those who lost, but they often volunteered to buy them, and sometimes paid higher for them than their winning friends. Isabelle was for years a favorite of the Jockey Club. She was plain, but not disagreeably so. The Empress patronized her and counted her one of the "rare personnes honnetes" that she came across after her elevation to the throne. She had a buckle of enamelled gold, with her initials in brilliants, which dugenie sent her to fasten the little plume which she wore in her hat when she went to Longchamps as flower girl to the Jocky Club.

NEW WORDS.

From Murray's Magazine.

From Murray's Magazine.

In the last month a notable attempt has been made to add to the resources of the English language. Lord larv as chairman of the Electric Traction Company, wrot to "The Times" to ask for a short word—it possible of one syllable—to express the idea of being coneved by electric power. As might have been expected, letter after letter poured in, full of strangs and wonderful surgestions. The following are only a few of the eacophonous verbs which scientific and unstentific writers alike submitted for consideration: to 'ohm," to "volt," to "mote," to "clectrise," to "calomb," to "volt," to "mote," to "clectrise," to "calomb," to "celle," to "tric-trac," to "franklin," to "sont," to "celle," to "tric-trac," to "faradate," to "wher." There is clearly no lack of choice: perhaps Amrica will help us, as it did with the verb to "wire."

The Clanger of an Alarm Bell

Cloe by, in the stillness of the night, could scarcely startle theordinary individual more than do triffing noises the nerous invalid. But once the nerves are braced and the sysem invigorated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, this abormal sensitiveness is succeeded by a tranquility nos to so disturbed by trivial causes. Impaired digestion is a trille cause of nerve weakness and unnatural mental glom, and a vigorous renewal of the action of the stemach is no of the surest means of invigorating and quieting the is no of the surest means of invigorating and quicting the nervols diese. Insomnia, or sieeplessness, a form of nervols diese, is unquestionably benefited by sedatives when it s prolonged or of frequent occurrence, but its permonet removal is more effectually achieved with the Bitters. The medicine is also signally efficacious for malariar hamatism, constipation, liver complaint, and torpidity of the kidneys and biadder.